

Fleance

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Category: Macbeth

Language: English

Characters: Fleance, the Three Witches

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 00:52:13

Updated: 2016-04-12 00:52:13

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:33:48

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 732

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What happened to Fleance after Banquo was killed? Did it have anything to do with three witches?

Fleance

The forest grew up tall, surrounding young Fleance, the last light of the day casting ominous shadows across the uneven carpet of crisp autumn leaves. Up above, a great darkness was seeping into the sky, turning it into multifarious shades of violet. Fleance saw none of this. He sat against a tree, too tired to do anything but rest his head in his hands and weep. He had been running all day, running from the murderers who had left him and his father Banquo as they left the castle of Lord Macbeth. As he had run he had sobbed silent sobs, breathing with great difficulty through the tears in his eyes and throat. The murderers had not failed to kill them, not entirely.

Fleance had watched them murder his father, their knives flashing in and out of his flesh. He had seen his father's blood flowing from the wounds, he had seen his face, pained and paleing as the vile killers stabbed him again and again. He had heard his call, "Fly good Fleance Fly, Fly" Fleance had flown, leapt from the road down a small gully. He had flown swiftly, not waiting to see if the men were chasing him, not thinking to look back to catch one last glimpse of his father. It was only after what seemed like hours of running that the boy leaned against a tree, utterly defeated, terrified, and ashamed. Why had he not stayed? He could have helped his father, led the murderers away and then helped him to some doctor somewhere. At the very least he could have died by his father, their life blood flowing together on the road. Fleance's breaths turned to gasps, his chest rose and fell unevenly. What was he supposed to do? Deny his father's last dying wish? Fall prey to the hands of the vicious men who had been set to kill them? Fleance shut his eyes and evened his breath, forcing his panic addled mind to think of his new situation. Who on Earth could have wanted us dead? he thought. His father had not been a powerful man, but a man with power pondered this deeply as the night bore on, ideas coming to his head, and then dancing away as quickly as they had come, each idea more foolish than the last. At long last

Fleance looked up, and found that the sky had become black, with only the glimmering stars leaving him with any sort of light. Fleance yawned, his eyes suddenly becoming heavy. Yawning heavily again, Fleance stood up, and began to take shaky steps across the forest floor. He stumbled, his eyes taking in little, his feet moving clumsily over the crackling leaves and twigs. Moonlight, he thought drearily as a dimly lit clearing approached him, I can sleep in the moonlight. Had Fleance had his full wits about him, he would have noticed that the night sky above his head was inky and moonless. He stumbled into the little clearing, a thick fog rising from the leaves below him, creating ominous figures in the trees. Fleance rubbed his eyes and blinked. The figures were still there, and they were approaching him. As they came closer, they became more solid, losing the foggy texture that had made them look like shadowy dreams. Fleance stared at them, his breath shallowing. They were nearly clear now, and they were most certainly women, each with long scraggly hair and weathered blotched skin.

"Tell me your names good...ladies" Fleance called to them, trying to imitate his father's strong commanding voice. The ladies though were not impressed, standing stolid and unmoving. Fleance gathered his breath and tried again. "Speak if you can, I beg you." This time each of their eyes turned to him, and they stood studying him with such intensity that Fleance wished dearly that he had not spoken to them in the first place.

"Hail" The first rasped suddenly

"Hail" The second echoed

"Hail" called the third.

Fleance breathed in sharply, biting the inside of his cheek. The first witch, yes, that was what she was came closer and knelt before him.

"All hail Fleance! Hail to thee son of Banquo!"

"All Hail Fleance! Hail to thee lord of the forest lands!"

"All Hail Fleance!" The third once cried in turn, coming up to kneel with her sisters, "Though shalt be king hereafter!"

End
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